

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXVI. No. 2166

London
December 30, 1942



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality



By Appointment

*It is economical to
buy the best salt*

Cerebos Salt

PALACE COURT HOTEL

★ Bournemouth's most Modern
Hotel. All Hotel Bedrooms
have private bathrooms en
suite. Dancing weekends.
Telephone in every room. ★

BOURNEMOUTH

Tel.: BOURNEMOUTH 7100

HIGHLAND QUEEN



*Grand
Liqueur*

MACDONALD & GUIR LTD. - Leith, Edinburgh
Distilleries — Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangle

*Where to Buy
& Where to Sell
Your*



**BROOKLANDS
OF BOND STREET**

103 NEW BOND ST. W.I.
MAY 8351

ROSS'S Soda Water

With good whisky a drink,
smooth, clean and lively.

Normandie Hotel RESTAURANT & BUTTERY

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.7 Ken 1400

LUNCHEON · DINNER · DANCING
TO THE GREGORY QUARTET 7.30 — 11.30

Single Rooms and Bath . . . 12/6
Single Rooms and Private Bath 15/-
Double Rooms . . . from 21/-
Inclusive weekly terms by arrangement

Special Terms to H.M. Forces and their Families

Grant's Scotch Whisky



"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

Meet me in
FORTNUM'S
GIFT DEPT.

FORTNUM & MASON LTD., PICCADILLY



ALWAYS

Dolcis

The New Year opens
with a splendid
selection of choice
models by DOLCIS,
fashioned as delight-
fully as present day
conditions permit

THERE IS A DOLCIS
SHOE STORE IN
EVERY LARGE TOWN

THE TATLER

LONDON

DECEMBER 30, 1942

and BYSTANDER

Price :

One Shilling and Sixpence

Vol. CLXVI. No. 2166

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Cecil Beaton

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth: Colonel of the Grenadiers

This year, on April 21st, Princess Elizabeth, the King's elder daughter, discharged her first public engagement by inspecting the Grenadier Guards in her capacity of Colonel of the regiment. The occasion was that of her sixteenth birthday, which also marked her entry into the official life of the nation. In this photograph she wears the brooch in the form of the regimental cipher, presented to her on behalf of the regiment, and the grenade badge of the Grenadiers in her hat. Shortly after her birthday Princess Elizabeth went to the local Labour Exchange to register for national service with others of her age group. Princess Elizabeth and her sister, Princess Margaret, last year presented *Cinderella*, the first Royal pantomime on record in this country, in aid of the Royal Household wool fund. A short time ago they gave another very successful performance, in *The Sleeping Beauty*, for the same charity, to an audience which included the King and Queen, villagers, and troops stationed in the neighbourhood



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Year of Destiny

WITH the New Year new hopes are born. It is a long time since Mr. Churchill forecast 1943 as the year of our maximum effort. When he made the prophecy, 1943 seemed far away in the future. Now it is here. This is the year of destiny. Already we have seen the beginnings of the vast movements which will be needed to overthrow the Axis Forces. Already we have seen cracks appearing in the Axis New Order. Hitler is on the defensive, but it would be wrong to assume that he will continue in this way. He knows that 1943 is the year of destiny. He knows that he must do everything to avert his fate if he can.

Will the war end in 1943? How many people will be asking this question! But who can give the answer? Mr. Churchill has always been most careful in his public utterances about the duration of the war. These may have been different from his private thoughts. At heart Mr. Churchill is an optimist. But publicly he always makes a point of disowning the optimist. Not so Field-Marshal Smuts. He has lately made a speech at Johannesburg declaring that victory for the United Nations will be sudden. In his opinion Hitler will give the appearance of enormous strength, but in the Field-Marshal's opinion this will crack in a matter of weeks or months. He draws conclusions from the rapidity of the North African campaign. In this way he implies a swift and smashing victory. Field-Marshal Smuts is an optimist, and does not hide it. He is also a detached witness. He has seen the war machine which Britain has built up; he has seen more than anybody else who has visited our shores. He

knows also the staying-power, the courage and the inventiveness of the British. Therefore his encouraging words make an acceptable New Year message. This is the year of our destiny!

Military Skill

GENERAL MONTGOMERY has proved one thing. If you give British generals the tools they can do the job. His brilliant outflanking movement which cut Rommel's retreating columns was a notable piece of military skill. The operation by which General Montgomery forced the Germans out of El Agheila and then cut his columns justified the confidence he had publicly expressed in advance. The way Rommel is being rolled out of Libya is an encouraging foretaste of the process by which Hitlerism will be crushed. With the turn of the year we begin to look to the spring. In the spring the United Nations will be stronger than ever, and more confident. This cannot be said of Hitler. The Axis creaks as he seeks a way to bend to his will those whom he has dominated. But gradually the circle of steel being forged in Europe will close ever more tightly. Hitler cannot know from which direction the Allies will aim their final blow at the heart of Nazidom. This must be very worrying to one who has had so many victories in the field and has yet seen the initiative dashed from his hand. Again it is worth repeating that Hitler is not likely to sit still while the Allies rain bombs on him and their forces move to encompass him. He is bound to kick—if he is allowed to. There are competent students of Germany who have closely watched the rise of the Nazis who believe that

before Hitler is allowed to be his most devilish self there will be civil war in Germany. This will be a war between the German General Staff and the Nazi Party. The Generals—those still occupying high office and those who have been deposed—will wish to save Germany from further destruction by her enemies, and therefore they will try to get rid of Hitler. This is an old argument, but the experts are convinced that it will be proved true, and sooner than we imagine.

Open City

THE Pope is understood to have expressed his fears about the bombing of Rome direct to Mr. Myron C. Taylor in the United States. Mr. Taylor is President Roosevelt's personal representative at the Vatican. After an audience of the Pope a few months ago, Mr. Taylor returned to Washington where he has remained ever since. With the intensification of the British bombing of Italian cities the Pope's concern increased. His message to Mr. Taylor reached the United States Government and was then communicated to the British Government. Although questions have been asked in Parliament several times about the bombing of Rome, the Government have always denied the existence of any special reasons precluding an R.A.F. visit to the Italian capital. Some politicians have hinted that people like Lord Halifax have been opposed to the bombing of Rome. This has never been true. Rome has not been bombed by the R.A.F. because it has never been regarded as an urgent target. Italian morale has always been sufficiently low without bombing Rome. Therefore there should be no difficulty in reaching an agreement to declare Rome an open city. At the same time it might be argued that such an agreement would indicate a weakening of Allied will. But this can be proved fallacious, and no doubt will be so proved by events in the months ahead.

Peninsula Peace

ON first appearances, the discussions between General Jordana, Spain's Foreign Minister, and Dr. Salazar in Lisbon are a blow to Hitler.



Lieut.-Com. Roger Hill, R.N., awarded the D.S.O. for dauntless resolution while serving in H.M.S. Ledbury, escorting a Malta convoy, was accompanied to the Palace investiture by his wife and sister



Commander J. M. Hodges, son of Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, won the D.S.O. for bravery and enterprise in operations leading to the surrender of Diego Suarez



Commander Jellicoe, R.N., received the D.S.O. during an action in March, when an Italian force attempting to intercept a convoy was routed. Squadron Leader Lockhart, D.F.C., won the D.S.O. for gallantry in flying operations

Naval and Air Force Heroes are Decorated at Buckingham Palace

While General Jordana was in Lisbon on the initiative of General Franco, Hitler was sitting in conference with Count Ciano and Marshal Cavallero, Chief of the Italian General Staff. Ribbentrop, Goering, and Field-Marshal Keitel were also present. France's Pierre Laval was sitting on the doorstep most of the time. There is every reason for assuming that Hitler was planning his next move to prevent complete Allied control of the Mediterranean. Lately there has been considerable pressure on General Franco to give German troops right-of-way through Spain; also to provide German air bases in the Balearics. Failing General Franco's submission to these demands, Hitler may have to seize what he wants. This makes the Lisbon conference most important. Dr. Salazar and General Jordana agreed on the necessity for maintaining peace in the Iberian Peninsula. If this means anything, it means resistance to Hitler's demands and any steps he may take to enforce them. I am sure that it is safe to assume that the British Government are conscious of what Hitler might try to do, and that plans have been made accordingly.

Russian Birthday

FOR his sixty-third birthday Premier Stalin had good news. The new Soviet offensive in the Central Don is a heavy blow to Hitler. It demonstrates the reserve power the Russians have carefully maintained. In spite of the power of the German war machine and the loss of vast territory, the Russians have been able to conserve their strength and to continue production of war material. All this is due to the calm courage and remarkable foresight of Premier Stalin. Each blow against the Germans has been carefully timed and carefully prepared to attain maximum results. On this question of timing Premier Stalin has shown himself to have remarkable military insight. He has shown himself to be superior to Hitler. Hitler can throw large numbers of men and machines into a battle, but it takes a big man to withhold his fire until the last moment. This is what Stalin has done several times, notably, of course, at Stalingrad. So the birthday greetings he received from all the heads of the United Nations carried more



Commander-in-Chief Western Approaches

On November 19th, Admiral Sir Max Horton succeeded Admiral Sir Percy Noble as C.-in-C. Western Approaches. Since February, 1941, he had been in charge of submarine warfare, and probably knows more about the subject than any other man living. During the last war the submarine in which he was serving was the first to destroy an enemy ship—in August, 1914. Admiral Horton is now directing the Battle of the Atlantic

fervour than ever before. All recognise what Stalin has done for his country, and the part the Russian people have played in bleeding Hitler's Germans.

Persecution

THE spontaneous way in which all Members of the House of Commons stood in silence to protest against Hitler's persecution of the Jews was one of the most moving sights I have ever seen in Parliament. There was a depth of horror and of determination in this most unusual gesture. It followed Mr. Anthony Eden's reading of the Allied declaration condemning Hitler's bestial policy. The lengths to which Hitler has gone show how devilish must be his mind, and how futile must be his policy. Hitler can no more exterminate the Jews than any other race. The Czechoslovaks are a proof that races do not die and cannot be exterminated. The Jews have the whole civilised world at their side in sympathy and in resistance. Apart from the declaration of the United Nations and the succour of those few Jews who managed to escape from the occupied territories, the only immediate hope for the Jews is the pounding of the Axis fortress so that, eventually, all can be freed, including the German.

Willkiesms

NOBODY can doubt that Mr. Wendell Willkie is a live wire. He is certainly putting pep into American politics. First he is anti-Imperialist, then pro-big business, then slightly Leftish, then there is a hint of what America is going to do for the world, but there's always an undercurrent of anti-British sentiment. Mr. Willkie is going to "smoke out" Churchill. Why? Mr. Churchill has been a very good friend to America. If Mr. Churchill had not rallied this country at Dunkirk, and had not persisted in his policy of fighting to a finish, I wonder if Mr. Willkie would now be free to say what he likes, whenever he likes, and to be as contradictory as he likes?



Three at a Recent Investiture

Squadron Leader Gordon Everitt, of the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, who already holds the D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, was one of our Air Force heroes who went to the recent investiture at the Palace to receive his decoration from the King. With him in the picture above are his wife and mother, both of whom accompanied him

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Seasonable Film

By James Agate

THE Christmas film season has opened. Housewives inform me that they are having great difficulty in being able to get the usual ingredients for their Christmas puddings: no such defection will be noticed in this week's batch of films which contains every well-known ingredient employed since the birth of the cinema. All our dear old props are there—murder, intrigue, masquerade, quarrelsome domesticity, the girl who is loved by two men, the man who is loved by two girls, the bombing raids, the crooks and the gangsters. All are here ready to entertain you, together with those fine old crusted plots and that be-whiskered pathos and humour which are as unchangeable in Hollywood's films as they are in England's pantomimes.

THE classic device of the cutie beloved by two brothers is made full use of in *Somewhere I'll Find You* (Empire). Never was a plot so delightfully familiar. Here are the two brothers, Jonny (Clark Gable) and Kirk (Robert Sterling). Here is the girl (Lana Turner). And they are all newspaper reporters, and being newspaper reporters—and Yanks at that—they are, of course, sharp, slick and sly, with not the tiniest iota of fly on any one of them. Some two hours of what might otherwise be well-spent time are taken up with the advancing and retreating, the decoying and repulsing, the entrechats and pirouettes of this trio. This goes on so long that one finally ceases to care whether Lana gets Clark or Robert, or neither or both. I always think the happiest solution to this business of two men in love with one woman or two women with one man was that of Goethe who ends his *Stella* by making the hero take both his mistresses at once, saying, in effect, "Now girls, you can just share me, cut and come again: no jealousy or any of that silly caper, else I'll sack you both and take another coupla broads, see?"

BUT no such revolutionary ending is suggested in the present film, in which the one brother

conveniently loses his life in a battle and so makes room for his uncle, I mean rival. In a film of this kind the war must be dragged in somehow or other, and here it comes in quite pat, because Lana has been sent by her editor to cover the Indo-China Front. Of course the brothers fly after her, and although she is a mere two hundred miles from the address at which they seek her, she is easily located a little while after, extricating Chinese babies from a place of hiding like a conjuror producing rabbits out of a hat. After this Clark flies to Manila, Lana flies after him, and Kirk flies after both. If Kirk were not killed no doubt they would go on flying after each other for the rest of their unnatural lives. I like the title—it holds out hope. Personally, I found them nowhere—but then I am getting old, and these young people are a bit too fast for my measured speed.

I MUST, however, recommend this film to all who love an exhibition of kissing. For never, in all my film experience, have I seen so much kissing, or kisses of such length, or in so many positions. There is one scene in which Clark and Lana are on a balcony and Lana says Kirk just can't kiss, and Clark says you cud teach him honey, and Lana says you bet I could but he can't kiss, he kisses like this (cold kiss) I like kissing like this (warm kiss). Or like this, says Clark, and then the kissing goes on crescendo, accelerando, tempestuoso, molto prestissimo, and all the rest of it. Why wasn't this film given its proper title and called "Any Time is Kissing Time"?

THE rest of the films are of the usual Christmassy order; meaning, I am charitably disposed to believe, that anything more or less festive will pass in the festive season. *Nightmare* (Leicester Square) is not, perhaps, quite so festive as the others, being concerned with the murder of Diana Barrymore's husband in circumstances which, of course, point to Di being the murderess. But it is all very thrilling,

exciting and not too macabre for those fans who in their own words "like a bit of drama, not too much of it, just enough to make you glad to be 'ome again an' drinkin' a nice cup o' tea before your own fire." But stay. Is it possible that I have had enough of the famille Barrymore? For a time, anyway. Indeed, I think I should enjoy *Nightmare* more if the husband were suspected of murdering the wife! I hasten to say I have not seen this film; being kept therefrom by the memory of the last occasion on which I saw Diana when, to oblige her mother, Kay Francis, she pretended to be some twelve years old, and her squawks and squeaks sent me from the cosy picture-house into the icy desert of matutinal Leicester Square.

I WISH somebody would take that idiotic plot in which film stars pretend to be their own grand-daughters and grand-mothers or themselves at another age, out into the Pacific Ocean and dump it plummet deep. In *The Major and the Minor* (Plaza) Ginger Rogers has a go at it by pretending to be her own daughter. I am told that later on in the same film she simulates her own mother; but my informant is a wag and may be pulling my elderly leg. No, dear readers of the TATLER, I have not seen this film either! Which, I agree, is very naughty of your film critic. My spies, however, report that if you like Diana you will like to see her accused of murder. As for Ginger, I like and admire her so much that I will consent to her appearing in the greatest twaddle on earth provided I am not there to see.

George Washington Slept Here (Odeon) is an extremely funny film about Jack Benny's loathing of that on which Ann Sheridan dotes—to wit, the sham antique which turns out to be the same thing as the genuine broken-down. This is full of good wise-cracking and some almost as amusing rough-and-tumble horseplay. Among my reasons for recommending this film is that no member of the Barrymore clan appears in it, nor does any one pretend to be her own step-daughter twice removed. And now, dear readers, let me wish you a Happy New Year and everything you wish yourselves. My own wish is that the next twelve months will bring a little more pep to the British cinema and a little less bounce and kissing to the American.



Clark Gable and Lana Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find You" (Empire)

Another film of newspaper reporters and their staggering adventures covering the war fronts in various parts of the world gives Clark Gable and Lana Turner a further opportunity of co-starring. The film is reviewed by James Agate above, and is notable chiefly for the performance of a comparative newcomer, Robert Sterling, who plays the part of Kirk (Clark Gable's brother in the film) and finds himself an also-ran in the world-wide chase for the affections of the elusive Lana. Above, left: Clark Gable and Lana Turner. Right: the two brothers, Jonny and Kirk in their uniform as accredited war correspondents (Robert Sterling and Clark Gable)

"Tomorrow We Live"

"Everywhere . . . This Great People,
The French Nation, is Rising Again"

—CHURCHILL



The Mayor of St. Pierre le Port (Godfrey Tearle) and his daughter, Marié (Greta Gynt), are suspected of being in league with the Nazis. In actual fact, Marié is the leader of a band of patriots and is disguising the fact by an assumed affection for the German Commandant



In one of the patriots' more desperate adventures, the German Commandant is shot. His second in command Von Kleist (Hugh Sinclair) is wounded and as a result Seitz (Karel Stepanek), a Gestapo official, arrests fifty hostages who are to be shot. This episode is based on actual fact



Two of the most ardent patriots are Jean Baptiste (John Clements) and Madame Labouche (Yvonne Arnaud). Jean is seeking to escape to England with information about the German submarine base at St. Nazaire

Tomorrow We Live, based on the screen play by Anatole de Grunwald and directed by George King, is the first film to be made with the support and co-operation of the Fighting French. It has been made by British Aviation Pictures, whose first picture, *The First of the Few*, told the story of the Spitfire genius, R. J. Mitchell. *Tomorrow We Live* has a fine cast which includes John Clements, Hugh Sinclair, Godfrey Tearle, Greta Gynt, Judy Kelly, Yvonne Arnaud, Gabrielle Brune, Bransby Williams, Karel Stepanek and F. R. Wendhausen. It is the authentic story of some of the dangerous work which is being carried on day and night in France in support of the Allied cause



Jean, with the help of a waitress, Germaine (Judy Kelly), finally escapes to England. With him he takes Marié, the Mayor's daughter, her allegiance to the cause of Fighting France now established. Frisette (Gabrielle Brune) is standing by the table

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Petrified Forest (Globe)

ROBERT SHERWOOD's drama of the Arizona desert (as filmgoers will remember) is less stony than its title suggests. Though its scene and most of its characters are primitive, there is nothing prehistoric about the plot. The petrified forest is a local landmark, and only remotely symbolic. Dreams, they tell us, are fraught with symbolism, but sentiment is the stuff of which plays are made. In the theatre that basic commodity (like fish roes) can be hard or soft. This American drama is compounded of both. Alan Squier, the intellectual hobo, is a highly articulate example of the soft; Duke Mantee, the Killer, inarticulate save with the trigger or the order to shoot, of the hard. And though they are at odds during much of the action, when the denouement is ripe for release, they understand one another to the death.

But neither Squier nor the Duke is the play's outstanding character. Precedence both in interest and charm goes to Gabby (née Gabrielle), granddaughter of the prosy old proprietor of the lonely pull-up for motorists in which the action passes. Gabby, whose mother was French, was born in France, but has only some inherited characteristics and idealised notions of the land of her birth, which she loves with blind devotion. With her, as with Joan of Arc, the dream and the business are one. She manages the business with Gallic shrewdness, paints pictures in secret, and loves the poems of François Villon. And though ripe for more practical love, the crude advances of the only possible swain in this desert solitude do not disarm her innate fastidiousness.

So is it till Squier drifts in, a fugitive from fate and at the end of his tether, to give all her unkindled ardour its flame. She loves at first sight, he at second. Worn by fatigue and



Jason, Gabby's father (Gwyn Nicholls) is one of the leading lights of the desert "Home Guard." His outward glory is sadly shaken by the sudden appearance of Jackie (Harry Ross), one of Duke Mantee's henchmen

the stress of vain living, courteous yet sceptical, jack of all phrases and master of none, he talks like an angel and behaves like Poor Poll. And before he has finished the plain but nourishing meal she sets before him, their souls have clicked, and their hearts beat almost as one. Almost, but not quite; for the plot has its rights, and he, though a sentimentalist, is on sophisticated terms with reality.

Gabby shows him her paintings, which astound rather than charm him; and he tells her the sad, sweet discouraging story of his wasted life—unfulfilled promise, gigolo

marriage, and all. On which she, with the impulsive generosity of genius, proposes that they take the road together, the road to paradise and France. It is as simple and sincere a proposal as the offer of a lift to a benighted tramp; but he, though tempted, chivalrously demurs and, in the company and car of some passing tourists altruistically departs.

Then the other fugitive from fate, Duke Mantee, the Killer, arrives, replete with arsenal and lethal bodyguard, shooting his way from pursuing justice to the border and freedom. He has collected the tourists, their car, and Squier on the way, thus giving Gabby's fate its second wind. And after some highly exciting alarms and excursions, the invaders, now fed and refreshed, settle down under the muzzles of the guns to an all-out symposium on the ups and downs of life and



Gabby (Constance Cummings) meets the travelling hobo-artist (Owen Nares) and falls in love at first sight. As Gabby, Constance Cummings gives one of the finest performances of her career

the low down on love, such as seldom occurs save in plays, or under the benign influence of Bacchus, or in the shadow of death.

Through all this excitement, conversational, romantic, and ballistic, Gabby is rapturously aware only of Squier and her dreams. And he—having entered into a Sydney Carton pact with the Killer, and arranged a rendezvous with death, and having handed to the old grandfather his insurance policy, duly converted, which will enable Gabby to visit France and realise her dreams—freely and sincerely admits his love. So, in the lee of the bar, while the guns bark, life and love are ecstatically united for Gabby, till the Killer, before making his own getaway, gives Squier his. And as the curtain falls on the second round of Gabby's bout with destiny, the petrified forest justifies its eponymous status.

SENTIMENTAL? No doubt. Plausible? Not perhaps to bigoted realists, though they should enjoy the excitement of the killer stuff, and Mr. Hartley Power's mastery of its human agents and sodden despairs. Mr. Owen Nares gives Squier the benefit of every romantic doubt, and plays him con amore, making love with chivalrous ardour, and dying, as he should, like the hero of a play. Playgoers who can bring comparable dreams to annotate Gabby's will delight in the clear candour with which Miss Constance Cummings aids and abets those dreams. Her performance, matching art with sincerity, breathes into the inevitable conventions of a stage character the breath of life.

Sketches by

Tom Titt



The tension of the moment gives those present the opportunity of indulging in soul-baring orgies. Mrs. Chisholm tells the assembled company the sad story of her useless life (Hartley Power, Joyce Kennedy, Douglas Jefferies, Robert Beatty, Percy Parsons)

London's Second Longest Run

"Quiet Week-end"
Reaches its Six
Hundredth Performance



Author of both "Quiet Wedding" and "Quiet Week-end" is Mrs. Esther McCracken, now a W.R.N.S. driver in Newcastle, her home town



George Thorpe and Marjorie Fielding have played the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Royd over a thousand times, first of all in "Quiet Wedding" and, since July 1941, in "Quiet Week-end," which is still running successfully at Wyndham's. The Royds, as a family, have so endeared themselves to London audiences that they seem to have made a permanent place for themselves in the hearts of theatregoers

Quiet Week-end is, of course, the sequel to Quiet Wedding. Its success has been outstanding, its record run being second only to Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. Possibly its greatest charm lies in the complete contrast it presents to the life the majority of us are forced to live in these days. It brings back nostalgic memories of week-ends in the country, of blackberrying expeditions and subsequent jam-making orgies without regard to sugar rationing, and concerts in the village hall. It is a play to which people will go with their families time and time again, ten visits being by no means phenomenal. For just over two hours, it gives complete relief and relaxation from war and thoughts of war

Photographs by Swarbrick Studios



Rowena, the glamorous girl friend who arrived for the week-end, is played by Jeanne Stuart. With her here is Stuart Lindsell as Jim Brent



Frank Cellier, as Adrian Barrasford, J.P., gets into difficulties over a salmon-poaching bet



Miranda (Glynis Johns), who was the young bridesmaid in "Quiet Wedding," is now seventeen and in love with her cousin and hero, Denys (Geoffrey Edwards)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

First-class Shot

UNEXPECTEDLY, the King has found it possible to take a short respite from official duties and spend a few days in the country shooting. It is a good many months now since his Majesty last had the opportunity to handle a gun, but he has lost none of his old skill, and in each day's bag the number credited to the King has been the highest of any of the guns, who included that first-class shot, Lieut.-Col. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the Royal Household. The King is one of the very few guns in this country who can shoot equally well from either shoulder, and it is no uncommon sight to see him fire two barrels from the right, followed by another two with his next gun from the left. He has taken advantage of his few days in the country to plan extra production of feeding crops on the several thousand acres of arable land included in the royal estates. Walking round his lands, the King always carries a Scotch "crummock," the tall, crook-handled stick of the Highland shepherds. He disdains the use of a motor-car on these occasions, and if it is too far to walk, he rides.

Flying Visit

SIR HUGHE KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, our busy Ambassador in Turkey, recently spent a short time in this country. He was received by the King, and had lunch and a long session of talk with the Prime Minister at No. 10. His few off-duty hours he spent quietly in Kent with his niece, Mrs. William Keith, who is now a full-time officer in the National Fire Service. Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen remained in Ankara while her husband was over here. She has many duties there to keep her busy, for she organises a constant supply of woollen and other comforts for British troops in the Middle East, and also helps in the all-important work of checking up on our prisoners of war in Japanese hands.

London Homes

THE Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Simon have now settled in their new quarters in Royal Court, which is nice and handy for him

when he has to preside over sittings in the House of Lords. The flat, in fact, forms part of the same building, and has fine views from the drawing-room windows over the Thames. Until the early days of the war it was occupied by Lord and Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, by virtue of the fact that Lord Esmé is Yeoman Usher to Black Rod and has regular duties in the House of Lords. Lady Simon has mixed some of her own furniture with that provided by the Office of Works, for she still has all that which used to



Harlip

A Recent Engagement

Miss Diana Gilmour, A.T.S., daughter of Major Sir John Gilmour, Bt., and Chief Commander the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, A.T.S., is to marry Major Alexander Gregory-Hood, Grenadier Guards, son of Major and Mrs. Gregory-Hood, of Loxley Hall, Warwickshire

be in her house in Addison Road, and among the pieces which she brought along are several fine cabinets in black-and-gold Chinese lacquer. The portrait of Lord Simon's mother, to whose memory he is so devoted, still hangs at the Simons' home at Walton-on-the-Hill. Lady Simon is a great needlewoman, and has done much gros-point work to decorate her home. She is also a bird-fancier, and brought back some attractive fantail pigeons when she went to Lisbon some years ago. Unfortunately, only one survives. Its companion was killed recently by the accidental shot of an enthusiastic Home Guard.

And London News

THE Duchess of Wellington has been staying in London for a few days at the family mansion, which is such a landmark at Hyde Park Corner, before returning to Strathfield for Christmas. Her daughter, Lady Anne Rhys, and two grandchildren were with her. The Duchess has been a widow just a year. The loss of her husband was an overwhelming sorrow, for they were never apart for thirty-two years. She has not had the heart to take up the threads of everyday life again, but she is finding some little consolation in trying to supervise the management of the estate for her son, the present Duke—known as "Morny" to everyone, as he was the Earl of Mornington for so long—who is now serving in a Commando.

Lady Bruntisfield has returned to her flat in Eaton House, Upper Grosvenor Street, after months in a nursing home. She has been making great efforts to get plum-puddings, mince-pies and crackers for the Poles in Britain, and for those fighting with the British, in time



Swache

A Present for Prince William

The Duchess of Gloucester, who opened the Christmas Fair at the May Fair Hotel, was presented with a Christmas-tree for her son by Richard Rhys, son of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys

for Christmas, but it has proved no easy matter. Lady Bruntisfield is president of the Polish Armed Forces Comforts Fund.

Services' Leave Ball

THERE was not a sandwich, not even a biscuit, to be seen at the Services' Leave Ball, held in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Still, everyone seemed to be having a good time. Lord Louis Mountbatten was there, with his wife and their daughter, Patricia, who looked very pretty and girlish in a high-necked frock of pale-blue tulle and a mauve bodice. Lady Louis, out of uniform for a no doubt welcome change, had on a slinky black frock with touches of white. There was not much black worn generally, though two girls in it and looking uncommonly smart were Miss Vivian Mosley and Miss Rita Sutherland, one taking time off from her factory work, and the other enjoying a little leisure from her hospital work. Miss Bunty Wallis, in dark red, was dancing with her fiancé, Mr. Anthony Schuster, and other girls included Lady Margaret Fortescue, of the long fair hair, Miss Penelope Forbes, in pale green, and Miss Jacqueline Carlisle, in a long frock of pale blue. Mrs. Denton Carlisle (Jacqueline's mother) is having to plough up her land at Shopwycke Park, Chichester, and this means she must sell her brood mares (who are all in foal), about which she feels very sad.

Gay Party

A WARMER-UP for the dance was the party given by Miss Bunny Sutton and Miss Maureen Roche at their Pont Street flat. Mrs. Richmond was also a hostess, but she couldn't be there, because she had to go to hospital the day before with a bad eye. However, the remains of the party took place at her bedside next day. The atmosphere was deliciously young and enthusiastic, everyone enjoying themselves so very much, as people do at what opportunities there are now. Among the guests were Mrs. Adrian Abbott, Mrs. Max Aitken, attractive Sandy Carlos-Clarke, Miss Shelagh Macauley, the Stavelys, Pam and Tony, Mr. Coote Lloyd, S/Ldr. and Mrs. Oliver Barnett, Hon. Bill and Mrs. Allenby, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Maconchy, Mr. Tim Hayley, David Bruce and Michael Carvill, Elizabeth Hanna, Bunny Sutton's cousin, Miss Valerie Kennedy, Miss Margaret Gordon, Mr. John Wardlaw, Captain Verdin, Captain Leavy, David Richards and John Bell-Irving, Captain Friend, Captain Arkwright, and many more. Whoops of joy began as time for the ball drew near.

Worthy War Work

ONE of the most energetic people I know is Christabel Lady Amphil. She opened a branch of her Curzon Street shop in a Home Counties town at the beginning of the war, where she does a wonderful business. She has



Johnson, Oxford

Sir William and Lady Beveridge

Sir William Henry Beveridge, Master of University College, Oxford, and Mrs. Janet Mair, widow of Mr. D. B. Mair, were married at the Register Office, Caxton Hall, on December 15th, and held a reception in London afterwards



The Opening of the Christmas Fair at the May Fair Hotel, in Aid of the Merchant Navy Comforts Service

The Tombola, Mrs. P. Dereham officiating, came in for a good deal of attention. Lord Warwick, Lord Ossory and Mrs. James Marshall Robertson tried their luck. There were raffles as well, an auction of wines, and a cocktail-party in the evening



Swabe

Prince and Princess Andrew of Russia were there, carrying collecting boxes, with Mrs. Gordon Vereker, in American uniform. The Prince and Princess were married last September. She was formerly Miss Nadine McDougall, and is a sister of the Countess of Soudes

a flat over this branch, where she lives herself. Added to all this, for the last eighteen months she has been working five nights a week in an aircraft factory on a twelve-hour shift, getting there and back by train! She does a very intricate job of wiring, at which she is exceptionally good, always having been clever with her fingers. Some time ago she was offered a job as overseer in her factory workshop, but she refused, as she told me she would rather do the job herself than watch others. Her only son, the Hon. Geoffrey Russell, is in the Irish Guards. Amongst others who are devoting their time to aviation in another way are Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler; the former is the very active chairman of the De Havilland Aircraft Company, which makes many of our war 'planes, very different from the little Moth they made twelve years ago, which carried the late Amy Johnson safely on her magnificent flight alone to Australia. Mr. Butler won the King's Cup Air Race once, and flew in it many times; one year both he and his wife competed in different machines, and I think I'm right in saying that Mrs. Butler finished in front of her husband. Mrs. Butler, who is a Newfoundlander by birth,

and the only daughter of the late Sir William Reid and Lady Reid, of St. John's, is now working hard for the A.T.A. She is one of the original pilots of this fine organisation. The Butlers have one of those nice houses in Hyde Park Gardens, but since the war have lived mostly at their country home, which is not too far out. A great friend of Mrs. Butler's, who is also a pilot in the A.T.A., is Miss Wendy Sale-Barker; in pre-war days they both used to spend a good deal of time at Mürren each winter ski-ing, a sport at which they both excelled. They both hold the gold "K," only awarded to the very few first-class ski-ers.

News from Yorkshire

ALL her many friends are delighted to see Mrs. Walford safely home after her terrifying experience and lucky escape. Recently, when returning from Cairo, where she has been since before the outbreak of war, and accompanied by her two-year-old daughter, the boat in which they were travelling was torpedoed. Both Mrs. Walford and her baby were in the water for some time before being rescued, but happily they are both all right after this awful

ordeal. Mrs. Walford is staying with her father, Lieut.-Col. Sir Murrough Wilson, at his lovely home, Cliffe Hall, in Yorkshire.

Lady Pease, the American-born wife of Sir Richard Pease, has turned part of her home in Yorkshire into a home for "bombed babies" who have lost their parents in the raids. At the beginning of the war she worked every day at a sewing party which was making garments, "many-tails," and even bedroom slippers for the wounded. Lady Pease very often did all the cutting-out for the other workers. She also took her shifts in a canteen for the troops in the evenings. Sir Richard and Lady Pease lost their eldest son, Peter, who was a brilliant pilot, in the Battle of Britain, at the early age of twenty-two. Their second son is now serving with his regiment in the Middle East. Lady Pease's only daughter, Pixie, married the Earl of Inchcape, who is in the 12th Lancers, and has one little daughter.

More News from the Country

COLONEL HENRY and Lady May Abel-Smith have taken a house in the country, to be near his regiment. Colonel Abel-Smith now

(Concluded on page 408)



Johnson, Oxford

A Red Cross Auction Sale at Oxford

The Duchess of Marlborough, President of the Red Cross for Oxfordshire, was present at an auction sale at Oxford in aid of the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund, and Mr. Leslie Banks, the well-known actor, proved himself a most successful auctioneer



Johnson, Oxford

A Christening at Fernham Church, Berkshire

This group, taken on the occasion of the christening of Victor Stewart Heron Walker, Sir James and Lady Walker's son, shows Mrs. E. J. F. Vaughan, Miss Anne Forsyth with the baby, Lady Walker, Synolda Lady Walker and Miss Damaris Argles, one of the godmothers. Sir James Walker was unable to be present, owing to absence abroad with the Fleet Air Arm

Joan Leslie and Rita Hayworth— Partners for Fred Astaire

Two Girls Who Can Sing and Dance Plus



Joan Leslie, Astaire's Youngest Partner Yet

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Ward

Mr. John Guthrie Ward, H.M. Diplomatic Service, and Miss Daphne Mulholland, daughter of the late Captain the Hon. A. E. S. Mulholland and of the Countess of Cavan, were married on December 12th at St. George's, Hanover Square



Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Duncan

On December 12th Lieut. Gordon Duncan, R.E., son of Sir Andrew R. Duncan, M.P., and Lady Duncan, married Miss Diana Binns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Binns, of Budleigh Salterton, Devon, at St. Mark's, North Audley St.



Captain and Lady Anne Smith

Captain Gordon Alexander Smith, 12th Royal Lancers, son of the late Mr. Alexander Smith and Mrs. Smith, of Harrogate, married Lady Anne Montgomerie, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Eglinton and Winton, of Skelmorlie Castle, Ayrshire, at the South Church, Skelmorlie, on December 8th

On December 12th Captain the Hon. Foster Charles Lowry Lamb, R.A.C., eldest son of Lord and Lady Rochester, married Miss Mary Carlisle Wheeler, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wheeler, of 51, Beechwood Road, Sanderstead, Surrey, in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons



Captain the Hon. F. C. L. and Mrs. Lamb

December Weddings

In London and Scotland



Elliott & Fry

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ashmore

The marriage of Lieut. Edward Beckwith Ashmore, R.N., elder son of Captain and Mrs. L. H. Ashmore, and Miss Elizabeth Mary Doveton Sturdee, only daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel and Lady Sturdee, of 24, Clareville Grove, S.W., took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on December 11th

Standing By ...

(Continued)

divings, squawks, bangs, tumbles downstairs, and what have you—came to life again as he talked. The comments of the servants' hall on the gambols of the rich (*singes* was the current word for them) were also full of piquant interest.

For calm, cheerful, philosophical guts, the only word for it, we hand it still to some of those Russian aristocrats who so curiously differ from the brooding dopes and hysterics you find in Russian novels. Or maybe the word should now, alas, be "differed."

Club

THE Trubshaw Club, we perceive from a recent pocket cartoon by Osbert Lancaster, is slightly extending its membership.

It's an exclusive club, which began in a small way (so our late regretted *Bystander* playmate Archie Macdonell told us) with David Niven, the film star, getting a crack about a friend of his named Trubshaw into every film he made, on principle. Niven left Hollywood and rejoined the Army on the outbreak of war, but this rule still holds whenever possible. Our Mr. Fenwick, whose pen-and-ink fancies so often debauch this page, then apparently joined the club, and gets the Trubshaw *motif* frequently into his works, and Mr. Lancaster has evidently passed the Committee quite recently.

At one of the last of Macdonell's parties in Buckingham Gate we were vaguely proposed for the Trubshaw Club, but nothing came of it, Macdonell saying afterwards we were too dark. You don't meet the authentic Trubshaw to begin with; this privilege is reserved by the Social Relations Committee for initiates who have passed all the degrees. The first qualification for candidature is to be Trubshaw-minded. Macdonell assured us we passed alpha-plus on this, but from the embarrassed look in his eyes we gathered there were "influences" at work. Niven seemed to be looking down his nose, too. Maybe they secretly thought we ought to wash more. You don't have to wash a lot to be Trubshaw-conscious.

As for Mr., or Captain (? Major) Trubshaw, he remains behind the veil, like Jupiter Ammon, and we shouldn't wonder if he were sheathed entirely in *laminae* of pure gold. How Fenwick got into the club

Heaven only knows. *Fenwick!* Rich women were behind that racket, we guess, huh, huh.

Pastoral

QUITE a fragrant little ballad, that recent news-item about the Suffolk milkmaid and the B.B.C. would make, properly redd out, as the Scots say.

Based on the rather prosaic version of the Press boys, the "argument" is as follows, fresh and artless: She went up to the Big City with a cowman friend who was 'broadcasting, and the gay gallants at the Big House chucked her under the chin and said, "Bay Ged, we theenk you hev the perfect 'make' voice!" and she bobbed a blushing curtsy and said, "Ay, measter, ay, zur, vair duntled Oi be, but Oi mubbe loike it a vaäst mwore daöwn hoäme-along" (naturally we should brush up on the Suffolk *patois*), tied her dimity sunbonnet firmly on, and caught the next train back to the farm.

Turning this into a ballad, we'd make it praap—properly mournful, like all the good old English ballads. There that poor maid sits under a cow, pumping aimlessly away, fair beazled, dreaming of the beautiful young B.B.C. gentlemen who admired each other so; for now she is crazed with love for them. The rest is water-lilies and daffy-down-dillies and the glassy millstream and a fair floating body in sprigety muslin.

O bury me 'neäth yon cypress-tree,
And saäy as I died of the B.B.C.,
And arl yew young maaids larn by me;
Willow, O willow.

Afterthought

MAYBE there'd be a penultimate verse laying her dying curse on the heart-break boys at Broadcasting House with their curling lashes, their mauve and primrose jumpers, their killing glance, their glossy scented love-locks. Rat 'em (says this poor rustic sweet in effect as she floats down to the weir), rat 'em and drat 'em and drabbit 'em all, the floppity dumbledores. *Plop!*



"Three cheers for Ethel Mostyn, who has taken Honours in spot welding"

Orgy

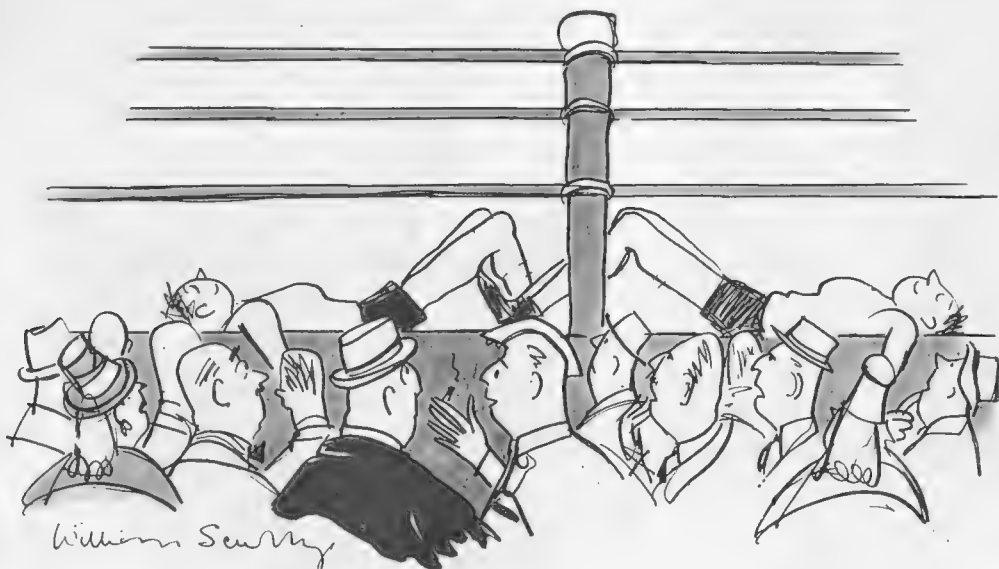
HAVING made a colossal fuss of Mr. Wendell Willkie when he was over here, the Fleet Street boys are now pretending his present oratorical exhibitions have nothing to do with them, which is absurd.

To every average *homme de salive*, as Léon Daudet pleasantly called the type of politician who just can't stop talking, the ministrations of the Press are like unexpected dollops of whisky to an old soak. In cases where the orator is a real artist, able to shed authentic tears at will and hocus the dopes with both registers, this tends to increase the repertoire but to degrade the style. Welch and Negro audiences love plenty of orgiastic tricks, such as the long-drawn *hwyl* and swinging by the toes. South American audiences like to see an orator shoot his cuffs five hundred yards, which is how Blasco Ibañez popped a fast one across Anatole France when both booky boys were doing a lecture-tour in those latitudes. The finest oratorical artist we ever heard was Briand, who could produce a long, low, throbbing, thrilling violoncello note from under his waistcoat which never failed. That eminent demagogue had been practising this bit of virtuosity ever since the Nantes police nabbed him for improper behaviour in his youth, and we must say he got his principal British rival, no mean performer on the *vox humana*, looking like an aged hen with croup.

Illusion

MR. BUCHANAN ("BUCKY") TAYLOR, whose reminiscences *Shake the Bottle* are so full of diverting stories, describes Crippen as "one of the quietest, most unassuming chaps I ever knew," which Scotland Yard will confirm. Moreover, the little American quack was a gentleman, and his chivalry in shielding his girl friend impressed even the lawyers. Why it should seem odd for a murderer to be a nice chap Heaven only knows, since everybody, as some theologian once remarked, is a potential one.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"They seem to be very evenly matched"

Four Theatre Portraits

From Three London Shows



Gabrielle Brune is one of the very clever artists who have made such a great success of "Full Swing," the Jack Hulbert-Cicely Courtneidge show at the Palace. She has also been busy on film work, and will be seen early in the New Year in "To-morrow We Live," a film of the Fighting French. In June this year Gabrielle was married to Major Walter Currie, of the U.S. Army. Her husband comes from Greenwich, Connecticut.

Fred Daniels



Pat Leonard is in the new Bobby Howes show, "Let's Face It," at the London Hippodrome. Born in London, Pat spent her early life in South Africa and Australia. She is a versatile artist, and had a great personal success in two of her London shows, "Scoop" and "Black Vanities."

Fred Daniels



Fred Daniels

Patricia Kirkwood is another of the very attractive young stars in "Let's Face It." Pat made her first London hit in "Black Vanities," and became known as the first star of the war period. She celebrated her twenty-first birthday early this year when she was appearing in "Lady Behave" at His Majesty's, the last show in which the late Stanley Lupino appeared. She is married to Mr. Jack Lister, Jack Hylton's general manager.



Swarbrick Studios

Jane Carr is the leading lady in the Eric Maschwitz musical-comedy, "Waltz Without End," which celebrated its one-hundredth performance at the Lyric Theatre on Monday last. Jane Carr is well known to millions "on the air." She used to broadcast each week to our men abroad, and became known as Overseas Forces' Sweetheart.

Flash-backs to Summer

When the Corn is Cut and the Border
is Still Gay, the Garden is the Right
Place for a Photographer

Photographs by Compton Collier



**Baroness de Robeck
with Martin**

Formerly Miss Katherine Simpson, the wife of Lieut.-Col. the Baron de Robeck, M.B.E., of Goweran Grange, Naas, Co. Kildare, is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Hugh Simpson, of Hutton House, Hutton-in-the-Forest, Cumberland. Her husband is now serving overseas, and Baroness de Robeck was herself an officer in the A.T.S. before the birth of her son, Martin, in 1941

Lady de Ramsey is the wife of Lord de Ramsey, eldest son of Captain the Hon. Coulson Fellowes, and grandson of the second Baron. Lady de Ramsey, whose marriage took place in 1937, was Lilah Labouchere, daughter of Mr. Frank Labouchere. Lord de Ramsey went overseas to the Far East with his regiment, arriving at Singapore just before it fell. This picture was taken at Abbots Ripton Hall, Huntingdon



Lady de Ramsey with Her Children, Sarah, Jennifer and John



*The Duchess of Northumberland at
Lesbury House, Northumberland*



Viscountess Brackley, Photographed in Front of Alnwick Castle

Alnwick Castle, home of the Northumberland, is at present housing a girls' school, and the Duchess of Northumberland is making her home at Lesbury House, near by, where these photographs were taken. Viscountess Brackley is her younger daughter, and married the Earl of Ellesmere's only son, now a prisoner of war, in 1939. The Duchess's eldest son, the present Duke of Northumberland, was recently invalided home from Libya, and her elder daughter is the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon. The Duchess is County President of the Red Cross for Surrey, and also runs a Comforts Fund for the A.T.S. in London.



The Duchess of Northumberland and Viscountess Brackley in the Garden at Lesbury House

Fighting French

The de Gaulles at Home

A short time ago General and Mme. de Gaulle left the country, where they had been living, to take up their residence in Hampstead. The de Gaulles were married in 1920, when the General was still a junior staff officer, and their children, Phillippe and Elisabeth, came to this country with their parents over two years ago. General de Gaulle was the first Frenchman to raise the standard of resistance in 1940, and his courage, determination and confidence in the final victory and liberation of his country have been an inspiration to all Frenchmen fighting outside France, as well as to those who are resisting the aggressor at home



General Charles de Gaulle

Leader of Fighting France and President of the French National Committee

Mme. de Gaulle and Her Daughter

This picture was taken at Berkhamsted, where General de Gaulle, with his wife and family, made their home until recently



Mlle. Elisabeth de Gaulle

Elisabeth de Gaulle, daughter of General and Mme. de Gaulle, is nineteen. She passed her Baccalauréat at the Institut Français last year, and is now a student at Lady Margaret's Hall, Oxford



Midshipman Phillippe de Gaulle

The General's only son is twenty-one years old, and strongly resembles his father in looks. Unlike his father, however, he has chosen to serve his country on the sea rather than on land, and is now a midshipman in the Fighting French Navy

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A

Men of the Air

By Olive Snell



S/Ldr. L. S. Ford, D.F.C. and Bar, was born in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, twenty-three years ago. He joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1940, and has been over here for two and a half years. He flies Tomahawks, Spitfires and Hurricanes, and has two German aircraft to his credit, as well as a destroyer sunk and several more enemy ships damaged.



S/L. G. H. BENNIONS, D.F.C.



G/Capt. Richard L. R. Atcherley, former Schneider Trophy pilot and King's Cup winner, is one of Major-General Sir Llewellyn Atcherley's twin sons. His brother, G/Capt. David Atcherley, D.F.C., is one of the greatest experts on night-flying safety devices in the R.A.F. Richard Atcherley, nicknamed "The Crook of the Air" for his dare-devil stunt flying, was wounded and shot down over the Channel last spring, and spent some weeks in hospital. He has been in the R.A.F. for twenty years.



Wing Cdr. J. S. McLean, O.B.E., D.F.C., is a New Zealander, and was born in Hawera. He is now thirty, has been in England over ten years, and was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1932. Squadron Commander of Nos. 29 and 111 Squadrons, he won the D.F.C. in September 1941, and was awarded the O.B.E. exactly one year later. He was for a short time Wing Commander Flying at North Weald.

S/Ldr. G. H. Bennions, D.F.C., comes from Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs., where he was educated at Langton High School. He is twenty-nine years old, and on leaving school in 1929 went straight into the Royal Air Force. He was shot down in 1940, and his bag of enemy aeroplanes destroyed is twelve.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The "Tent-Maker's" New Year

THE "manufacturer" is, perhaps, better known to most of us as Omar Khayyám, and he was born not very long after William the Conqueror took over the island in which we live as a going concern. Omar said—and I have never been able to understand why—that the New Year (Mahomedan), which was the beginning of the Vernal Equinox, revived "Old Desires," when, of course, it should do nothing of the sort. New ones, surely? At least, that is what we in our quite ineffective way endeavour to make it do. Ever since those early times in Naishápur, in Khorassan, we, disregarding Omar, have made Hogmanay the date of new resolutions, and I am certain that, however unsuccessful we have been in keeping a single one of them, it is far better-intentioned than Omar's suggestion that it is the appropriate moment for "reviving old desires." That seems to me to be a quite futile way of crying over spilt milk, and a sheer waste of good time. The Good Resolutions, however, do try to mean something. We feel better after we have resolved (a) never to use ten words where one will do; (b) never again to try to teach Prime Ministers and British generals their jobs; (c) never to give correct answers to inquisitive persons whose "w's" are "v's," and who pronounce words like "finger"—"fing-er"; (d) never to believe that what the Butler told the Cook is evidence; (e) never again to put our shirt on that horse that Ananias's first cousin has told us is as good as "home and dry before the gate goes up"—never, in fact, to revive all the old desires to do the stupid things we have done too often already. Omar must have been sitting far too long beneath that bough with that flask of wine and that fairy, when he gave the world that bit of advice. It was another clear case of the wit being out.

No Punchestown?

FOR the first time in its history, as I verily believe, there is probably to be no meeting at this famous course this season. Reason: petrol shortage, and the ban of the Eire Government has so far not been reconsidered, in spite of the expressed willingness of the Punchestown authorities, and also of the Irish racing public, to put no extra strain upon transport, either by rail or road, and to depend upon people being able to get to the course on bicycles, or, presumably, on foot or by horse-drawn conveyances. If the ban remains it will be a sad blow to sporting Ireland, but not so great under present circumstances to this country, since I do not suppose that anyone over here would have been able to get to what has ever been one of the pleasantest and most exciting gatherings in the calendar of jumping meetings the world over. The ban hits the Irish owner more than it does anyone else, for even in wartime the added money was a good £4000. However, this is just another of those "disagreeables" that war imposes upon even neutrals, and so anyone who has ever had the luck to see a big field sweep over that formidable fortification, the big double, will have to live on his memories until happier times arrive. This bank has been fairly and squarely flown more than once, as I believe, but certainly once, for I have a letter before me from the late Lord Morton, who died in 1935, in which he wrote vis-à-vis a note in this page: "My cousin, the Hon. H. Fitzwilliam, jumped it clean on a horse called Red Man. He flew it without touching it or making any mistake. It was about the middle of the 'sixties of last century. The big double has been cut down a good deal since then." This occasion of which Lord Morton speaks was a goodish while before I ever saw Punchestown, but even the double that I have seen looked a bit outsize for doing "in once," and every time that



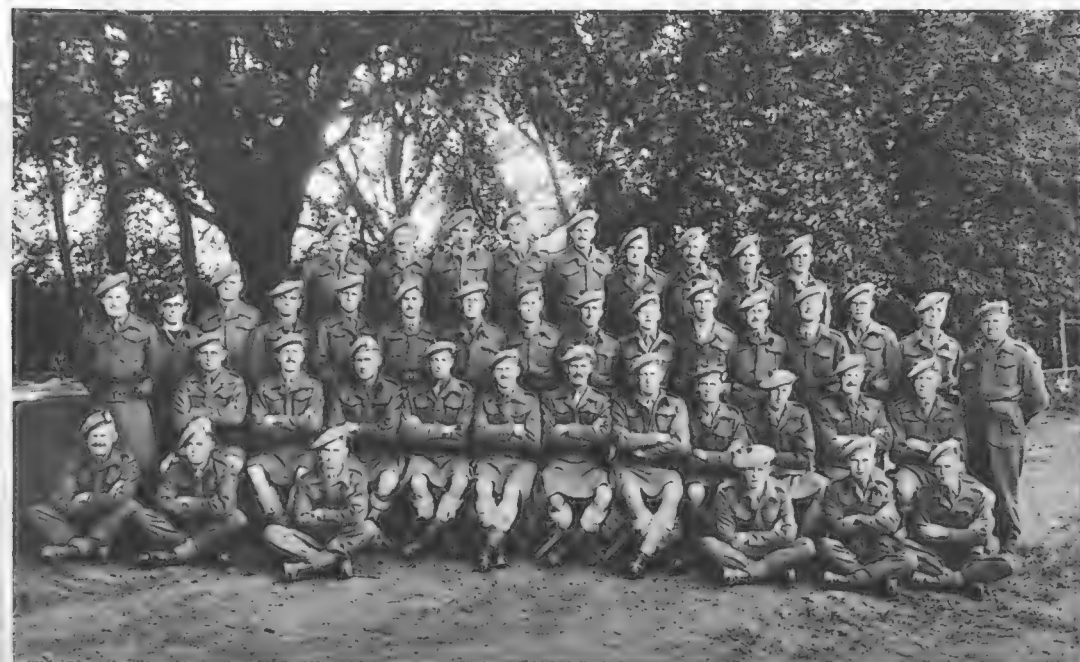
How to Milk a Cow

Miss Barbara Brewer, of the Women's Land Army, gave the demonstration on "Clarissa," the mechanical cow, while Viscountess Furness looked on, at the Wartime Farming Exhibition in London, at which Lady Furness was hostess

I have seen it tackled they have always changed on top of it. I should be very much obliged if anybody would write to me and tell me of any other occasions when it has been flown as Red Man flew it. It looks almost impossible for any horse to do it, or, in fact, for anything but an aeroplane!

Irish 'Chasing Cracks Beaten

THE scanty and somewhat belated reports tell us that both Prince Regent (winner of the last Irish Grand National) and St. Martin, another top-class performer, were beaten in the 2½-mile Naas (pronounced "Nace") Handicap Steeplechase, which was won by eight lengths in a canter by the lightly-weighted Mountain Loch. Prince Regent (12 st. 7 lb.) was favourite at 7 to 4, Mountain Loch (9 st. 10 lb.) second choice at 7 to 2, and St. Martin (11 st. 9 lb.) had only a few friends even at 100 to 7, and was never in the picture, so far as I can gather. The big lumps of weight which the cracks were giving away quite apart, the distance was too



Officers of a Battalion of the London Scottish (The Gordon Highlanders)

Sitting on the ground: 2nd Lts. D. McGillirray, D. Stirton, C. Duff, J. Gillan, D. McColl, R. F. Davenport. Front row: Capt. R. G. Turnbull, I. K. Will, K. W. McLeod, Majors J. C. Thomson, A. T. Law, the Commanding Officer, Majors J. B. Clapham, H. More Gordon, Capt. A. Borthwick, R. McN. H. Fraser, A. Watson. Middle row: Capt. B. G. W. Robertson, Rev. R. McPherson, A. F. McLeod, Lt. and Q.M. D. Cowie, Lts. H. A. Attwooll, A. J. McFodyean, T. S. Aitchison, J. C. Hollebhone, J. D. Sturrock, N. F. S. Will, K. S. Hollebhone, A. Murray, 2nd Lts. E. J. Blamey, R. Gordon, Capt. D. V. Penmen, D. Ord. Back row: 2nd Lts. G. A. S. Martin, J. G. Bruce, F. A. Henderson, A. E. Anton, McIntyre, I. Glover, G. Chittuburgh, J. Findlay, J. B. Maclean



D. R. Stuart

Sporting Figures at Richmond

Major Jock Wemyss, Royal Scots, who formerly played football for Scotland, was caught by the photographer at Richmond Athletic Ground, with Mr. E. de Lissa, secretary there for ten years, and Mr. E. H. D. Sewell, the sports critic and former Essex cricketer.

Here lies Du Vall! Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse; if female to thy heart.
Much havoc has he made of both: for all
Men made he stand, and women he made fall;
The second Conqueror of the Norman Race
Knights to his arms did yield and Ladies to his face.
Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief;
Du Vall the Ladies' joy; Du Vall the Ladies' grief!

Due allowance for this exuberance over the execution of a gentleman, which nowadays would be dismissed in a few lines in our daily Press, must be made, by reason of the fact that it was written at a time when everyone was completely crazy after a period of the greatest rigour.

It was the reaction to the austerities imposed upon society by Old Noll, and there was a quite indecent outbreak of what, to put it mildly, may be called riotous living. It was far worse than what happened after the last war, when, as we know, there was a bumper crop of wild men, and even wilder women. Then it was just like the Restoration, when packs of hounds almost sprouted out of the ground; hawking came back, and, as the old Royalist jingle of those times went, "a cock-fight shall cease to be a breach of the peace and a horse-race an insurrection." A dig in the ribs for the Puritanians of the Roundhead regime!

Bedford School's Successful Football Fifteen

Bedford School, undefeated by any other school XV. for four seasons, have this year beaten Stowe 26—3, Oundle, 8—6, Haileybury, 14—8, Uppingham, 45—0, but Rugby managed to draw with them. Playing for Bedford were: Sitting—P. F. Aylwin-Foster, R. D. Hislop, E. F. L. Oakley (captain), M. O. Feilden, P. E. B. Bradforth. Standing: T. H. S. Henderson, E. R. Lester, C. E. Eberhardie, C. J. Miller, W. M. Baber, P. R. T. Haymes, J. M. Hopkinson, J. A. Scott. In front: P. M. Clark, A. W. H. Loxley

D. R. Stuart

short for them, and for these reasons I do not think that we need take too much notice of what happened. The winner had performed well on the flat in long-distance races: he was third in the Irish Cesarewitch and also in the Naas November Handicap, and as jumping is obviously no trouble to him at all, he might well be worth watching if his owner thinks of sending him out for the Irish Grand National later on.

Jockeys in the Derby

A VERY distinguished correspondent, who tells me that he did not actually see the race for this year's Derby, somewhat demurs to my (and other people's) conclusions that it was Harry Wragg's jockeyship which got Watling Street home. I was fortunate enough to see the Derby, and the conclusion to which I came was that Wragg rode a very patient race, and that he had not the easiest task in the world. However, everyone is naturally entitled to his own view, and my correspondent says that he has been told by some very good judges that Wragg came so late that he almost lost the race, and suggests that this view is supported by what happened in the Leger, in which Watling Street, who was second to Sun Chariot, beat Hyperides much farther: Watling Street won the Derby by a neck only, getting on terms with Hyperides in the last fifty yards: in the Leger, Watling Street finished five lengths in front of Hyperides, who was third. Wragg did not ride a waiting race on this occasion but lay well up with them. I did not see the race for the Leger, but all the published accounts agree as to what happened. I gather that the encomium on Wragg's performance in the Derby has suggested that E. Smith was in some way to blame for not winning on Hyperides. I certainly never said so, nor was any such conclusion even remotely present in my mind. Smith did all that was humanly possible, and his narrow defeat in the Derby was just the ill fortune of war. I think that a good recompense is certain if Hyperides runs in next season's Gold Cup. If Afterthought had not been retired to the stud, there would have been a double chance of success in that race for the primrose-and-rose hoops, for it is hardly arguable that, next to Sun Chariot, she proved herself to be the best staying three-year-old of the season. The hard going, which we were not then allowed to mention, never suited her, but in spite of it she put up a very brilliant record.

The Highwayman's Epitaph

CLAUDE DU VALL's epitaph on the slab in Covent Garden Church, which I intended should form the tail-piece to a note upon travelling about 300 years ago, was untimely cut off in last week's notes. Since very few people may know about it, here it is:



Echo of the December Sales. By "The Tout"

The optimistic pair (top, left), probably discussing the heartening rise in bloodstock prices, are Philip Dawson, the well-known sporting farmer, and Fred Darling, who is, of course, Beckhampton's wizard. George Smithwick was stud manager for the late Lord Furness at Giltown Stud, and Capt. Watt understudies Messrs. Gerald Dean, R. Needham and Co., in the rostrum at Tattersalls. A.E. Allnatt made a handsome profit as a result of his purchase of the late Lord Glanely's bloodstock, the record price of 17,000 guineas being paid for Olein, bought by Mat Peacock (acting for Mr. T. Ohlson). "The Special Commissioner" is Adair Dighton, famous bloodstock breeding authority and contributor to the "Sporting Life," and Wilfred Taylor is the big-race broadcaster. "Rapier" masks the identity of the very able turf journalist, Capt. V. Orchard, of the "Sporting and Dramatic News"

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Shy Man

SIR JAMES BARRIE enjoyed the reputation of being a shy man. Yes, I believe that he really did, in his own curious way, *enjoy* it. I do not mean he sought out—in fact, he strove to avoid—that agonising inner cramp of the faculties that is called shyness. I mean that he savoured (if not at the time, afterwards), with an unearthly detachment, sometimes a shade of malice, the predicaments his shyness brought about. Having, willy-nilly, acquired the reputation, he made gentle play with it, used it as a defence. It helped him to extricate himself from situations without hurting anyone's feelings—he learned exactly how to refuse invitations in a tone of whimsical intimacy that the hostess, though disappointed, was bound to find flattering. When declining to go through his hoops at a party, he would put himself most disarmingly in the wrong.

Whatever be Barrie's stature as a creative writer—and that, I feel, one cannot determine yet—he undoubtedly was a giant of melancholy. He suffered, in mind as well as body, more than most men, through his long life. He was not a man one would dare to pity, and so far as I know, he seldom pitied himself. But even if I dared pity Sir James Barrie, I should not consider shyness one of his real griefs.

The *Letters of J. M. Barrie*, edited by Viola Meynell (Peter Davies; 15s.), give us a near, though not, I think, uncensored, view of the man's make-up. These may not be "great" letters, but they are utterly charming. Barrie was never one of those letter-writers who fling themselves down to the table and let their ego rip. On the contrary, he was always extremely conscious of the person to whom he was writing. This intense awareness of other people, and of their possible states of feeling, was, when such-and-such a person was actually present, probably the main cause of his shyness. But the friend's absence removed the inhibition—and, more than that, distance helped him idealise. At all times, Barrie must have had, with regard to his friends, a very great power of idealisation: when he sat down to write letters (I mean, the more personal kind of letter, in which this collection is very rich), one feels he almost adored the idealised creature to whom he wrote. Of love-letters, in the exact sense, this collection does not contain one. But one might say that all his letters of friendship were, in the wider sense, love-letters.

Here, then, we find, in the letters, the inverse of his shyness—a sort of ecstatic, because very rare, release. Even so, the release was, I think, not quite complete. Nothing was said at random. Even in his minute accounts of his daily doings, he selected those incidents, or those aspects of things, that should be certain to please or interest the particular reader. Thus, he always used art; he never lost social sense. In writing to a friend about an

experience, he appears to dedicate the experience to the friend.

In so far as the *Letters of J. M. Barrie* compose a story, the story will be very much more comprehensible if one has already read Barrie's biography—Mr. Denis Mackail's excellent *Story of J.M.B.* (published in 1941). In the arrangement of the *Letters*, Miss Meynell has been faced with the usual editor's problem—should they be placed in chronological order, or should they be grouped together under the names of the people to whom they were written, irrespective of dates? Miss Meynell has chosen the latter method, and her choice has been, I think, on the whole, wise—for, as the collection now stands, each group of letters forms a picture of a relationship with another person throughout a term of years. But, inevitably to this form of arrangement, any clearness of story has had to be sacrificed: one shuttles, sometimes confusingly, backwards and forwards in time. Hence, if you are to enjoy yourself to the full—and the *Letters* are certainly worth enjoying—I advocate a supplementary reading (or, as you probably have read it, a recalling to memory) of Mr. Mackail's biography, in order to have a useful background of facts. Incidentally, while I fully appreciate Miss Meynell's work as an editor, I quarrel, here and there, with her system of notes. In places these seem superfluous; in places they are lacking where they should be.

Another possible arrangement of the *Letters* would have been under subject—such as Books, Parties, Cricket, Children, the Plays, Letters of Sympathy, the 1914 War, etc. But for this other, and more important, unities would have



Elliott & Fry

Captain Sir Ian Fraser, C.B.E., M.P.

Sir Ian Fraser has long been known as the blind M.P. Since he was blinded in the last war, he has devoted himself to the care, encouragement and teaching of others similarly blinded, and since 1921 he has been chairman of the Executive Council of St. Dunstan's. His experiences since his blindness are told in his book, "Whereas I Was Blind," published this month by Hodder and Stoughton.

had to have been forgone—and, also, the total effect might have been artificial.

Creator of Peter Pan

BARRIE'S wit did not rest when he wrote to friends. He was a master at affectionate teasing, a faultless analyst of the absurd, a devastating describer of bad parties. The unhappy Cambridge dinner of "dons and wines," that should have been a high point—his first meeting with A. E. Housman—was a flop, that gave rise to this exquisite interchange. Barrie wrote (the day after):

DEAR PROFESSOR HOUSEMAN,

I am sorry about last night, when I sat next to you and did not say a word. You must have thought I was a very rude man: I am really a very shy man.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. BARRIE.

Housman wrote back:

DEAR SIR JAMES BARRIE,

I am sorry about last night, when I sat next to you and did not say a word. You must have thought I was a very rude man: I am really a very shy man.

Sincerely yours,
A. E. HOUSMAN.

P.S.—And now you've made it worse by spelling my name wrong.

On that occasion, decidedly Housman scored. . . . Vivid examples of Barrie's wit and acuteness are to be found in his self-criticisms, both of the man and the writer. He is memorable on the subject of his own plays. For instance, he writes:

I'm glad you got some entertainment out of *What Every Woman Knows*. The first act I always thought really good and the second also as a whole. . . . The rest is rather, of the theatre somehow, ingenious but not dug out of myself. It isn't really the sort of man I am. I fancy I try to create an artificial world to myself,
(Concluded on page 408)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE other day I received a letter from a reader who wrote:

"I always turn to your article when I want to find sanity in an insane world!" The remark pleased and astonished me, as much as a woman is pleased and astonished who is complimented on her beautiful eyes when she thought her teeth were her best feature. And am I going to flourish this letter in the face of those friends who have always considered me *un tout petit peu* dotty! I am indeed! For, after all, as you grow older, you realise at long last that happiness is a compromise between wishful-thinking and reality. Consequently, I live by myself—and like it!

On the whole, we get on very well together, myself and I. And when we get sick of each other—as even lovers will occasionally do if time gives them enough rope—there are always books, or music, or an art-gallery, or a busy street, or woods and fields and gardens, to tide us over the temporary ennui. Anyway, we have lived long enough together to know where boredom lies. We both adore clothes old enough, metaphorically speaking, to sit without horror in a puddle, and yet not shabby enough utterly to disgrace a friend, so-called, who happens to meet us coming from church or from being an example. We both prefer to do our own household chores in preference to having our peace disturbed by a strange woman who, so our experience goes, comes in at a shilling an hour for a good talk, or else cannot oblige longer than six weeks, because she

is expecting a baby in June. We both actively dislike luncheon-parties, tea-

parties, dinner-parties, public meetings, platform limelight or joining literary clubs. We are both amused to be in a crowd, or out of it, but not when we are expected to be one with it in spirit. Strangely enough, therefore, we have the reputation of being cheerful company! But that, maybe, is because we are dotty without being dangerous; nonconformist without being fanatical; holding convictions without making them mental corns.

Briefly, we try as best we may to make a reality of that wish which—if we heard aright—Miss Dorothy Thompson expressed over the air when she declared that if ever she came back to this world she hoped that she would be allowed to *live* in it. Of course, if she didn't say that, then she should have done so, because it is what a lot of people are thinking, no matter how often they fill in their name in block capitals on innumerable Government forms, and save fuel, salvage and clothes' coupons with the same gay determination of saints seeking to merit heaven. For if you can't make the jolliest do of the second-best and keep your mental eyes fixed on the brighter side of the second-rate, taking it without tears when you must, but dodging it when you can, you are apt to find yourself very desolate in your old age—or even when young. And this applies to a search for happiness, as well as to human relationships.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Tuthill — Nutt

Lieut. Edmund Devonsher Tuthill, The Nigeria Regt., son of Major and Mrs. W. F. Tuthill, and Marielle Nutt, daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. H. Rothery Nutt, of Westfield, High Pear Tree Wood, Bexhill, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Wells — Ruston

Captain Richard Granville Wells, R.A., son of the Rev. Richard and Mrs. Wells, of the Vicarage, Swinbrook, Oxford, married Elizabeth Ruston, daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. J. S. Ruston, of Lincoln, at St. Peter-in-Eastgate Church, Lincoln



Silvertop — Wicks

Mr. Charles J. Silvertop, of Minster Acres, Northumberland, and Brenda Maureen Wicks, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wicks, of Fingest, Esher, Surrey, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Martin — Roddy

Lieut. W. M. C. Martin, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Robin Hill, Middleton-on-Sea, married Sheila Roddy, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Roddy, and Mrs. Roddy, of Midway, Middleton-on-Sea, at St. Mary's Church, Bognor Regis



Bowen — Fenwick

Commander J. F. D. Bowen, R.N., of Little Haven, Pembrokeshire, and Margaret Augusta Fenwick, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Fenwick, of Ealing, were married at St. Bartholomew's Church, Yeovilton, Somerset



Davies — Nelson Johnson, Oxford

Lieut. Arthur Wixon Davies, Gold Coast Political Service, elder son of Canon and Mrs. A. Ll. Davies, of Doncaster, married Jean Margaret Nelson, elder daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Nelson, of Headington, Oxford, at St. Colomba's, Oxford



Ffrench-Williams — Bird

Lieut. Mostyn Y. Ffrench-Williams, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ffrench-Williams, of Barnes, and Joan H. Bird, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bird, of St. Albans, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Cain — East

Lieut. Alfred Cecil Cain, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cain, of Highmon Hall, Henley-on-Thames, married Joan Mary East, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. East, of Southleigh, Truro, Cornwall, at St. James's, Spanish Place

F. B. Barker



Shawyer — Jamieson

Dr. Robert Anderson Shawyer, son of the late J. A. Shawyer, and Mrs. Shawyer, of Hereward, Guildford, married Elizabeth Jamieson, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Stanley W. Jamieson, of Telford Lodge, Clandon Road, Guildford, at St. Mary's, Guildford

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 393)

commands a battalion of the Household Cavalry (Mechanised). He was originally in the Blues, and for three years, up to 1931, was A.D.C. to his father-in-law in South Africa. He has already served in the Middle East in this war with another battalion of the Household Cavalry. Lady May, a first cousin of the King, went to Canada with her young family in 1940, and has left her children over there with her parents, the Earl and Countess of Athlone. Her father is Queen Mary's brother, and has been Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada since 1940. He and his wife are as beloved in Canada as they were in South Africa.

People Who Do Things

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser and their two daughters, Shelagh and Moyra, have moved into a very attractive little house near Sloane Square. Moyra is one of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, very tall and slender, with a delicious sense of the comic—her Brown Hen in *The Birds* is a delightful study. Shelagh looks quite different, always a comfort for sisters; very pretty and amusing, too. She is an actress, and has been working lately for the B.B.C. People visiting them on a Sunday evening included Mr. Robert Helpmann, choreographer of *The Birds*; Miss Margot Fonteyn, her mother, and an interesting and



General Sir George Jeffreys and Dame Sybil Thorndike

General Sir George Jeffreys, M.P. for East Hampshire, attended the first night of Russell Thorndike's play, "The House of Jeffreys." The play features the life of the famous "Hanging Judge," of whom Sir George is a descendant. Later he visited Dame Sybil, who appears as Georgina Jeffreys, in her dressing-room at the Playhouse

"different" collection of friends in and out of uniform—an amusing one was a Mr. Ian Hay, who is not the Ian Hay, against whom he once led a debate of the Cambridge Union.

Among people in the Christmas crowded streets were the Archduke Robert of Austria, grave and tall, above the crowd; lovely, wide-eyed Mrs. Philip Kindersley, in a fur coat and no hat; Miss Diana Bottomley, hurrying to her job; Mr. Johnnie Holbeach, wearing a carnation because it was his birthday; and the Bankier twins, Pip and Mick, in plain clothes, but quite unhelpful, nearly identical ones—navy-blue pin-stripe suits and Guards ties.

Empire Pageant

A GRAND Pageant of the Empire and her Allies is taking place at the Royal Albert Hall under the patronage of the King and Queen on New Year's Day, and a luncheon was held recently in order to give Colonel E. C. Heath the opportunity of outlining generally the hopes and ideals which are the foundation of the Festival. The luncheon was held in Simpson's Services Club Room, lent by Lord Barnby, Dr. S. L. Simpson and Major A. Huskisson for the occasion. Dr. Simpson was in the chair and admirably introduced the two speakers, Colonel Heath and the Dowager Marchioness Townshend of Raynham, who is chairman. In a gentle voice, Lady Townshend spoke brilliantly. That the friendship and trust which now exist between Britain and her Allies should live for ever is her hope and ideal. "Let us have a little more food and wine and a little less ink," she said, speaking of the social meetings which now enable us to get to know personally and individually our Allies—a statement which was loudly cheered.

Watched over by the considerate eye and cheerful countenance of Mr. C. B. Harrison, the luncheon was a great success, thoroughly enjoyed by all those present, amongst whom were Lady Decima Moore, M.B.E., Air Marshal Sir Leslie Gossage, le Capitaine Terre, Sir Harry Brittain (vice-chairman), Captain Alexandris, of the Royal Hellenic Navy, the Ven. Hon. Stephen Phillimore, Archdeacon of Middlesex, and Major-General Sir Percy Laurie.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

because the one I really inhabit, and the only one I could do any good in, becomes too sombre.

And elsewhere:

I got a lot of New York press-cuttings about *Mary Rose* to-day, contradictions of each other, etc. The only good thing I found was that what my work failed in was robustness. I haven't seen it put exactly thus before, but I fancy it is exactly right. . . . Why can't I be more robust? You see how it rankles. Also, I am very distressed at the way our cricketers are doing in Australia. I could almost weep over them, tho' not robustly

That "artificial world" of Barrie's creation is very interesting to contemplate. In a sense it was not artificial; it was built up out of the fantasy-fibres of you and me. Barrie was master of the insidious and subtle day-dream, the whole range of disturbing, sometimes destructive, nostalgias, as Shakespeare was master of major human passions. The vast response to Barrie's plays is significant. I believe that he gave birth to one generation of temperaments. As a child I found *Peter Pan* very frightening; as a grown-up person I consider it dire. It took a Scot to express the endemic English refusal to be grown-up. We shall need better heads, stouter hearts, than we have yet before we are clear of the lure of the Never-Never Land.

A World You May Like

JAMES THURBER, American wit of the pen and pencil, is almost as frightening a fantasist as Barrie, but a very much more dry, conscious and modern one. He writes, as he draws, for sophisticates. Most of us know him in the *New Yorker*. Myself, I consider that Mr. Thurber, at his best, is very nearly divine: an equally generous giver of smiles and creeps. His antagonistic males and females, his Ohio worthies, his dogs and his standard lamps, his whole outfit of semi-infernal domestic life, set up, in one's mind, their indelible underworld. These creatures his pen and pencil, with equal sureness, create. I am not sure, though, that his last book—*My World—and Welcome to It* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.)—is his best. Mr. Thurber, however, can afford to have ups and downs: even his downs are well over the general level. And his ups—of which there are many here—are pure gems.

You will delight, for instance, in the coloured servant pieces—especially in "What do you mean it was brillig?" Here, and elsewhere, misunderstanding begins to converge on insanity. "Courtship Through the Ages" and "Footnote on the Future" reach the macabre high ranges of Thurber fun. Some character-pieces, of unusual length (for this writer), are present: the going is slower here. As for the horror-studies (most notably "The Whip-Poor-Will"), I challenge you to fall asleep with any degree of comfort if you have been reading one late in bed. . . . "The Letters of James Thurber," I ought to add, make a disconcerting footnote to my foregoing review. Exquisite Thurber drawings, full of implied comment, top and tail every piece.

Parliament in Print, Picture and Stone

"THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT"—their history, fully illustrated by excellent photographs—has been published by the Red Cross and St. John Press Section, 24, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1. It is to be had from there. For the guinea you will no doubt desire to send, you obtain not only the book itself, but a piece of stone from the structure of the Houses of Parliament damaged by enemy action on May 10, 1941.



E. R. Yerbury



Drummond Young

The Lord and Lady Provost of Edinburgh

The Rt. Hon. William Y. Darling, C.B.E., M.C., was elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1941. He served in the last war in Salonika, Gallipoli, Egypt and France, and was awarded the M.C. and Bar. His wife was formerly Miss Olive Simpson, daughter of the late James Simpson, of Briar Bank, Bedford

HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

THE MINERALS WE NEED FROM OUR MEALS

Most people know that iron is a good tonic; but how many know that the body needs at least twelve minerals—including such surprising things as zinc, copper and magnesium—to keep it healthy?

There is no need to worry, however, for a normal diet of natural food supplies all the minerals necessary. The only ones of which you are at all likely to run short are calcium and iron, and occasionally phosphorus.

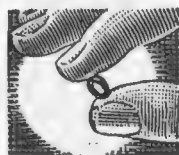
Children in particular need a generous supply of calcium; rickets is the result of an insufficiency of this mineral. Phosphorus, too, is important since the two go into partnership to build bones and teeth. Both these minerals are obtained from milk, cheese, sardines. Calcium is present as well in cabbage and watercress; phosphorus, in cereals, fish and eggs.

Lack of iron results in anaemia and is most important in the diet of children, especially growing girls. Get your iron supply from liver, National Wheatmeal bread, dried fruits and vegetables, particularly peas and beans.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

CROOKES'

HALIBUT



LIVER OIL

D4



Centres of Service

We are listing here some towns with Austin Reed shops. Each is a centre where those in the Services can find the quality of clothing they need, and the quality of service they hope to get. Aldershot, Bath, Bournemouth, Edinburgh, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Oxford, Southampton.

AUSTIN REED

of Regent Street

Telephone : Regent 6789.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Broadcasting

GOOD commentators on the air war are as scarce as journalists in temperance hotels, and the home service of the British Broadcasting Corporation has had some difficulty in finding them. Usually, it seems, the good speaker refuses to be spoken to, and tends to cut across policy or to raise too many controversial issues. One of the best was Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert. I have never discovered why he was suddenly taken off the air, although the rumour ran at the time that he had somehow incurred the displeasure of one, or both, of the Senior Services. Then came Group Captain Helmore. I have been reading over some of his scripts in the book *Air Commentary* (George Allen and Unwin), which has just been published, and they have remarkable vitality. Indeed, they make such good reading that they might have been created as essays in the first place instead of broadcasts.

All professional word-punchers know that the major problem in broadcasting on any aspect of the air war is concerned with convincing the listener of the sincerity of the speaker, without going beyond the limits officially set to criticism and comment. A lurking suspicion seems to be left in the listener's mind when he hears unrelieved expressions of approval of the Allied air effort. It seems that total praise has in it something suggesting the bogus. Why this should be so it is hard to say; for vast numbers of people do honestly and sincerely believe that everything is always for the best in the best of all possible worlds. But the suspicion may have something to do with conversational experience. Few unreserved conversations between friends go far without criticisms being thrown around about ministers, politicians, officials, military commanders, and all set in authority. The general

tenor of the remarks may be strongly favourable; but praise is leavened with the critical aside and the adverse reservation.

Free Speakers

IN his broadcast talks and in his writings, Group Captain Helmore contrives to convey complete sincerity. His words are listened to with respect on that account, as well as with interest on account of the facts they give. The book, I should add, contains reproductions of a large number of paintings of airmen by Eric Kennington. These portraits are among the few paintings that reproduce well with ordinary half-tone blocks. That is, in some ways, to their advantage; but in other ways it is to their disadvantage. For the reproduction can never "put over" more than a small particle of the effect of the original. But the Kennington portraits—because of their reproducibility—are becoming so well known to so many people that few will take the trouble to go and look at the originals when they are on show. That is a pity.

Gen and Gremlins

MY heroic and almost single-handed stand against slang is difficult and unrewarded. As a notable example of my lone struggle I have refused to use the term "okay"—a reticence which provoked in an editorial friend a fearful reaction. Instead of saying "yes," he took to answering me—as a protest against my fussiness—with the unutterably loathsome "okeydoke."

From my dislike of general slang, it follows that I look with suspicion on special slang, including that invented by the Royal Air Force. Nevertheless, some of it is pleasing while it has freshness.

So I am obliged to Air Commodore Howard-Williams, now the distinguished aeronautical correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, for his



Johnson, Oxford

The R.A.F. Give a Party

Officers of an R.A.F. squadron stationed in the Home Counties recently organised a dance which was held in the Officers' Mess. Five of the guests seen above are Major M. Williams Thompson, Captain and Mrs. A. M. Lyle (Mrs. Lyle is Sir Archibald Sinclair's daughter), Captain J. Holroyd and F/Lt. R. Carrière

little book giving the gen—I should say, giving the information—about Royal Air Force slang, with appropriately slangy pictures.

Of his other little book, about gremlins, I cannot speak so favourably, not because the book itself is not excellent, but because I have absolutely no patience with this particular whimsy.

Whimsy at any time is suspect; but when the Royal Air Force starts to go all airy-fairy, and to discuss goblins and pixies—well, I have to call for a stiff brandy.

I know the gremlin whimsy has travelled far and been taken up by newspapers, film directors, and others who ought to know better. For me it has the effect of making me feel like going downstairs and kicking the cat. But this I will say—if you *must* go whimsy, you will not find a better guide than Air Commodore Howard-Williams.

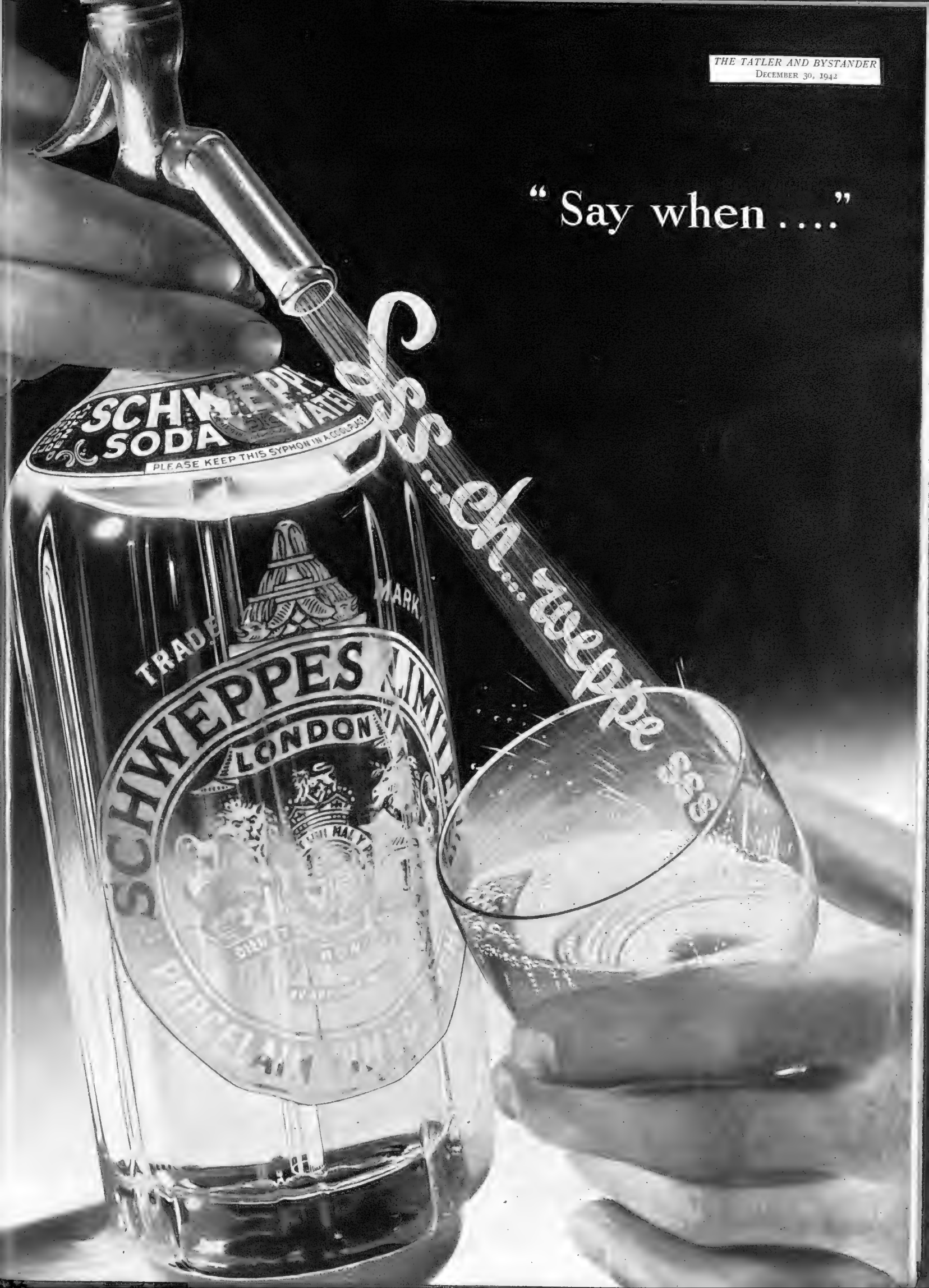


THE new enemies of Christendom fear the Crusader no less than did the old. All honour, then, to the yeomen-craftsmen of Britain, whose labour and devotion are placing these powerful weapons in the hands of their comrades in arms, to the discomfort of the enemy, wherever he can be brought to battle.

THIS SPACE IS DEVOTED BY THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION TO THOSE BRITISH CRAFTSMEN ENGAGED IN THE GREAT WORK OF TANK PRODUCTION.



“Say when....”



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



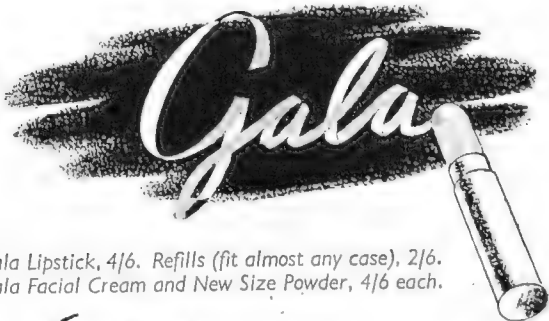
It is in the sports department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, that the tailored suit portrayed above may be seen. The check is bold decorative, and affords good value for present-day coupons. It is accompanied by a variety of suits that may appropriately be worn during the late winter and early spring. As a matter of fact they are sometimes called "all the year round." A new note is struck by the cleverly pleated skirts which, with lumber jackets, are delightfully warm. These will find rivals in the lambskin waistcoats with a suède finish; the fur forms the lining. Neither must the jumper suits be overlooked. They are obtainable in a variety of materials, including wool mixtures. Winter comforts for those at home and abroad are well represented: they are necessities rather than luxuries

Footwear is very important: it must be practical and comfortable as many women have to spend long hours walking and standing. There is no doubt about it that the Dolcis shoes have no rivals to fear. Their G.H.Q. in London is 350 Oxford Street; in addition they have salons in the majority of the provincial towns. A trio of shoes are pictured on this page. The one on the extreme left is of the Court character carried out in peccary calf with Dutch heel. The special feature of this leather is that it requires no polish or cleaner, all that is necessary is a rub with a stiff brush. The Casual shoe on the right of the group is of suède with chrome sole and is trimmed with contrasting colours. White suède has been used for the tie-shoe on the left. It is made on a walking last, is cool because of perforation, and is very suitable for hospital wear



CONFIDENCE

CONFIDENCE plays an important part in our wartime lives, for it is confidence that makes good leaders and good workers. In a woman, confidence springs from both character and appearance, and it is for this reason that we recommend the use, in moderation, of Gala. For a touch of lively colour on the lips emphasises their character, and gives a feeling of self-confidence to the wearer.



Gala Lipstick, 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6.
Gala Facial Cream and New Size Powder, 4/6 each.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

FOR THE

Younger Generation

Examples of our own exclusive designs for children's party wear. . . . We regret that, owing to limited stock, we cannot send these garments on approval.

(Children's Clothes — Third Floor)

A charming little dress in velvet for dinner or party wear; also in powder blue/silver tinsel cloque. From **£9.2.6** (7 coupons)

Party dress in Old World style in velveteen, jade, peach, and honey. Also in ivory poul, very full skirt and gauged bodice. Length 58 in.

From **8 1/2 Gns.** (7 coupons)

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1. (Debenhams Ltd.)

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A MAN went to a mental specialist. "What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor.

The patient responded by vigorously brushing imaginary things off his arm, explaining: "See? I have scorpions on my sleeve!"

The specialist, backing away, screamed: "Well, you don't have to brush them off on me!"

THE mother kangaroo was loping happily through the Australian bush when suddenly she stopped to scratch her tummy. Then she proceeded happily along once more. A second and a third time she stopped irritably to scratch.

Finally she put her paw into her pouch, took out her baby and smacked it soundly.

"Now, then," she said crossly, "perhaps that will teach you not to eat biscuits in bed."

JOHN, who had been climbing trees, came in for the second time with his trousers torn.

"Go upstairs and mend them yourself," ordered his harassed mother.

Some time later she went to see how he was getting on. The trousers were there; but no Johnny.

Puzzled, she came downstairs, noticing as she returned that the cellar door, usually shut, was open. She went to the door and called down loudly and angrily: "Are you running about down there without your trousers on?"

The reply came sternly in a man's deep voice: "No, madam, I'm reading the gas meter."

"PETERBOROUGH," in the *Daily Telegraph*, tells the following story: A vice-admiral on the retired list now a lieutenant in the Home Guard, tells of his encounter with an old lady in a lift.

Looking hard at him, she said: "What are you?" He replied that he was in the Home Guard.

His medal ribbons caused her to remark: "You didn't get those in the Home Guard." He informed her that he had served in the Royal Navy.

As they got out of the lift her parting words were: "H'm, I suppose the Home Guard is safer than the Navy."

JONES was reading his letters at the breakfast table. One he threw down with an exclamation of annoyance.

"I must find another tailor," he said, shortly, "this one reads too much."

"Reads too much, dear?" asked his wife in surprise.

"Yes. Every time he writes to me he begins: 'On going through my books!'"



As the orderly officer went round, one of the men spoke to him.

"Please, sir, I don't like the soup, sir."

"Don't like the soup?" said the officer briskly. "Nonsense! That soup is good for you—it's full of vitamins."

"There you are!" said the next private in a triumphant whisper, "I told you they wasn't flies!"

TWO Irishwomen met after some months.

"Has your man started work yet, Mrs. Murphy?" asked Mrs. O'Hara.

"Sure and he has," said Mrs. Murphy. "It's hard work and it's killing him but thanks be, it's permanent."

HE had just arrived as part of reinforcements for the Eighth Army.

"How can I tell whether a man is a Christian or a Muslim?" he asked.

"Ask him for a cigarette," advised a veteran. "He tells you to go to hell, he is a Christian."

"I HEAR you've been to a school for stuttering. Did it cure you?"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppercorns. Why, that's wonderful!"

"Yes, but it's h-h-hard to w-w-work into an ordinary c-c-conversation."

It is Vitrally Important that Waste Paper should be kept Separate from Other Salvage. Failure to do this Holds Up the Production of Vital Munitions of War

Special January Offer

10% DISCOUNT OFF EVERY PURCHASE

It has always been the policy of the City Fur Store to offer their customers furs of the highest quality at the lowest possible price. At their new West-End showrooms you can once more be sure of the same marvellous Value given at their former premises in St. Paul's Churchyard.

FURS SENT ON APPROVAL

There are many very beautiful coats, jackets and coatees in **ERMINE, MINK, PERSIAN LAMB, OCELOT, SKUNK, SILVER FOX** available at moderate prices.

**WE SPECIALISE IN FUR
REPAIRS & ALTERATIONS**

City Fur Store 110 NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.1
Corner of Brook St.

★ When ordering by post please state whether alternative colour may be sent. Coupons will be refunded if garment is unsuitable.

"VIYELLA" Underwear—

perfectly styled and luxuriously soft and warm for present wear. These two sets are in woven artificial silk and wool. In peach or white.

T.U.1. A superfine quality in lace stitch design. Opera top vest, with ribbon shoulder straps, and pantees with elastic at waist and ribbed knee. W. size only. Post free. Each garment 14/-

T.U.2. A similar Set, in the same style as T.U.1. W. size only. Post free. Each garment 11/6

These garments require three coupons each.

Swan & Edgar LTD.

Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

Regent 161

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

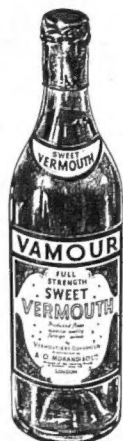
The Connoisseurs Commend

VAMOUR

THE *True* VERMOUTH

The Connoisseur appreciates instantly the Bouquet of the Genuine choice wines blended into this true Vermouth. Here is a choice and healthful aperitif or with added ingredients a delightful cocktail.

Treasures need seeking—but ask your Wine Merchant about Vamour—he may be able to supply you from his limited stock.



Produced by

VERMOUTIERS (London) LIMITED
Sackville House, Piccadilly, W1



BURBERRY
COPYRIGHT

Economical Buying at

BURBERRYS

The Officer-Cadet's finest "supply-line" is Burberrys, Haymarket. Weatherproofs, Uniforms and every form of fighting outfit are made swiftly to order, of the highest grade, for the most economical expenditure

Call, Write or 'Phone: **WHitehall 3343**

Tailors to H.M. Forces for over 50 Years

BURBERRYS **HAYMARKET**
LTD. LONDON, S.W.1

and at **ALDERSHOT & BASINGSTOKE**

Agents in all Principal Towns.



Lucky you dropped in

YOUR OLD FRIEND IS HERE

The name Old Angus recalls many memories of peaceful pre-war days and, more lately, of trying times when a friendly glass brought very welcome cheer. This noble Scotch has, of necessity, become more rare today—a fact which serves only to increase the general appreciation of its rare Highland flavour.



CHOSEN FOR YEARS
BY CONNOISSEURS

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH—GENTLE AS A LAMB

M. 3



There'll be no more "Fortune" Chocolates until after the war as Caley's have put all their chocolate into service dress!

Norwich Plain Chocolate, in blocks 2½d.

CALEY



The Golden Spirit



Never be without it!

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER

There's no individual to 'blame' for the shortage of Seager's Products—"there's a war on"—and disappointment is inevitable.

But the fewer the blessings, the more we must be thankful for such as there are, making the most of them with patriotic cheerfulness.

SEAGERS

prices:-

GIN	-	-	-	22/6
EGG FLIP	-	-	-	13/6
COCKTAILS	SUPER	12/6		
FULL STRENGTH	11/6			
SEGAVIN	-	-	-	10/6

Supplied to the public through the Retail Trade ONLY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1803

Distillers of Fine Gin for over 135 years

For special needs and occasions we are still making some stockings that do not come within the Utility specification. Production is strictly limited, but all supplies are distributed fairly among Aristoc dealers.

'RAYSTOC'
(Rayon)

'ARISTILE'
(Lisle)



UTILITY
(Rayon & Lisle)

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRATS OF WARTIME STOCKINGS



"There's no coat quite like a Wetherdair"



WET .. WETHER

WETHERDAIR

A Classic Weather Coat for Ladies and Gentlemen

Like most things these days, Wetherdairs are in short supply and it may mean that you will have to go out of your district to obtain one. If you do, it will be worth the trouble.

Wetherdair Ltd, Bradford and London

WET .. WETHER .. WETHERDAIR



GRIGOR for VIGOR

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although
restricted in distribution by scarcity
of old stocks

**WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS**

SANATOGEN[®]

REGD. TRADE MARK

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

Genasprin[®]

REGD. TRADE MARK

KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—TIME IT!

JACQMAR'S TWEED

of pure Cashmere in several shades of grey and beige is unique and unrepeatable.

61/10 per yard and 4½ coupons, 54" wide.

Patterns from:—

JACQMAR

16 Grosvenor St., London, W.1



IN ENGLAND NOW

"Good afternoon, Sir Francis. Can I give you a lift to your gates?"

"Thank'ee, Hawkins. I'd intended to walk, but I'm not so young as I was. Confound it, it won't matter if I am late for tea."

"Ah, Sir, we're none of us getting any younger. Even old Peggy here is rising nineteen."

"Isn't she Mr. Colin's old pony. The one he rode as a youngster?"

"She is, Sir. But I wonder you recognise her, Sir Francis. She's got so fat."

"I've good cause to remember that confounded pony. Didn't Mr. Colin put her at one of my cucumber frames for a bet, and just failed to clear it? Remember that?"

"Indeed I do, Sir. We were very worried about the incident."

We thought he'd broken his collar-bone."

"That boy was made of the right timber. Squadron Leader now, I hear?"

"He is, Sir. He'll be over on leave at the week-end. That's why I've been scouring the country-side all day for a bottle of Rose's Lime Juice."

"Rose's Lime Juice? But confound it, surely his tastes are a trifle more . . ."

"Well, Sir, yes and no. Mr. Colin has a theory, in which I concur, that Rose's neutralises the . . . er . . . morning after."

"Glad to hear he's reached years of discretion. Give him my compliments. Ask him to drop in, there's still something left in the cellar. And say I've quite forgotten about the confounded cucumber frame, confound him."

ROSE'S—There is No Substitute

OLD BLEACH

household and embroidery

★ LINENS ★
and

FURNISHING FABRICS

THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD.
RANDALSTOWN, NORTHERN IRELAND

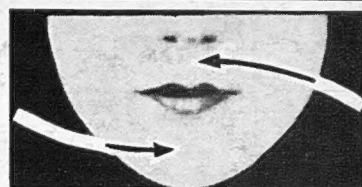
THE TAO CLINIC SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Permanently destroyed by advanced Electrolysis. 75 hairs destroyed for 10/6, a 20-minute sitting. Each treatment singly. No scarring. Practically painless. Moles and warts successfully removed. Medically approved. Consultations free by appointment, when a frank and honest diagnosis of each case will be given.

Appointments accepted for Saturday afternoons.

Phone - - - KEN 9055

175 KNIGHTSBRIDGE



Unsightly Hairs Removed

OBJECTIONABLE hairs on face, neck, arms, underarms, or legs can now be removed—roots as well—in an amazing scientific way that finally destroys the growth for good. No electricity, no bad smells or unbearable pain. This new method, perfected by the Dermal Research Institute, is an entirely new discovery—extraordinary—yet absolutely safe and harmless. It does not merely remove the hair temporarily, but gets at the real cause of hair growth, gently easing away the very roots so that they will never grow again. Scientifically designed to end all superfluous hair.

Send 2½d. stamp for Booklet describing this remarkable treatment and how it will quickly, easily and inexpensively rid you of superfluous hair for ever!

DERMAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE
(Dept. 4212)

3 Lower John Street, London, W.1

You may send me, without obligation, your interesting little book, "The New Way to Remove Superfluous Hair Permanently."

Name

Address

Town 12

Maternity Wear



2-piece Suits, 16 coupons
In Wool Jersey, Angora and Lainage with Skirts on Cami-tops 8½ gns.

★
Smocks from 30/11 (6 coupons)
Jumper Tops from 52/6 (4 coupons)
Cocktail Smocks from 73/6 (4 coupons)

Can be sent on approval References or deposit Catalogue M/14 on request

LILLA 7, LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, SW.1. PHONE: W.C. 3351

VAPEX

WILL STOP THAT COLD



From your Chemist, 2/3

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

TANGO
The symbol of
Guaranteed Quality



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING MILLINERS

KERFOOTS MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH · ANTISEPTIC THROAT
GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

P1

T. 19369. to Roan Portico.



“Am I right for the Home Front, Porter?”

“First rate, I should say—

A little **BOVRIL**
warms and cheers!”